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OLD CHUMS

—By A. F. Lydon, in 'Toilers of the Deep.'

An Important Meeting.

('Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.')

Our Sunday-school superintendent called a meeting of the teachers and officers for consultation about the spiritual interest of the school. It was plain to be seen that the superintendent was deeply in earnest. Sometimes his voice faltered and there were tears in his eyes. In a few words he stated the object of the meeting and his intense desire to see our scholars all converted and become true Christians and workers for Christ in the church.

He called on teachers and officers to give their experience in the matter. Some of them told how they had been led to Christ by the faithful effort of a teacher in other years. All realized that more might have been done in the past and that more should be done in the future for the conversion of scholars in the Sunday-school. How many children pass through the school who, after a few years, drop out of the school and all church attendance and association. Where they have gone nobody knows, and some do not care.

One suggested that it was not always easy to get young people to speak freely as to their desire to become Christians when surrounded by their associates. There seemed to be an unconquerable reserve, which was hard for the teacher to break through. Another suggested that in his experience he had found it difficult to get the class to respond to any inquiry as to their personal salvation. The presence of their associates seemed to put a restraint upon each one. The somewhat noisy and diverting surroundings of the school contributed to this result. Of course, personal work with the scholars is much easier where each class meets in a separate room; but most of our churches do not have such facilities for the work. So we are all to gather in one room, except perhaps the primary department.

Now, under such circumstances it would be well if Sunday-school teachers could meet the class at their homes or the home of one of the scholars, and inquire personally of their spiritual welfare. The talk had better be informal, confidential in the most earnest and sympathetic manner possible. To those who wish to become Christians, pertinent Scripture passages could be read; then let all kneel while the teacher leads in a simple, fervent prayer, and encourage all to pray or exercise with him in devotion. Some such meetings have been fruitful of great good to the class. The writer well remembers a class of twelve, all except one converted in such meetings. The Spirit of God was present—all wept and prayed and rejoiced together.

When I came home last night from that meeting which our excellent superintendent called to consider this all-important matter, manifesting himself such a deep interest in the conversion of our scholars, and remembering the many good things said by different persons and the deeply solemn spirit of the meeting, I felt that every Sunday-school superintendent ought to have such a meeting occasionally with his teachers and officers. Nothing would bring them so directly face to face with the one great purpose of all teaching and preaching, and all the work of the church. I believe this meeting will do good—it has done good. They should be held everywhere at the call of the superintendent, and, if he is indifferent, let the pastor do it. Too much mere routine work in all our churches; we need to get at it more direotly; to know what we are about and be at it, making the conversion of our scholars the matter of paramount importance.

God's Love for the Unloved.

(By Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.)

Surely the heart that loves most truly loves where it is most needed. I remember when my darling baby was quite a little mite, just able to creep, I gave her a rag doll, her first toy. I thought it was wise to purchase a rag doll, because there was already a son in the family, and other dolls have ways of getting broken more easily than rag dolls. I wondered whether she would recognize what it was. Well, the very moment I gave it to her, the baby arms went out, and she clasped it to her breast and kissed it, and showed me the strength of mother love in the baby heart. From that moment she was inseparable from her rag doll—it was all rags except its eyes. Soon one eye fell in and I was told that that was the work of my son. But my baby was oblivious to it, and thought just as much of her rag doll as ever. It was just as much her 'dear doddy.' Shortly after, the other eye fell in, and with its empty sockets she loved it just the same, and kissed the poor lips. Then went part of the clothes, and then one arm, and then one leg, and then all the clothes, until there was nothing left but the old stump stuffed with straw, one leg and one arm gone; and still it was just as much her own 'doddy,' only that in petting it she had the good sense to add the word 'poor,' — 'poor, dear, doddy.' It became disreputable, but she would never part with it; and bye and bye, when nothing was left of it but the old stump with one leg attached to it, and when no one else would have thought it was a 'doddy,' at all, she loved and comforted it more than ever, and I would see her in bed, lying with her pink, flushed face against the rag and her arm around it — her 'poor, dear doddy.' I brought her a beautiful doll in its stead, with hair and movable eyes and fine clothes; but she just dropped it, and would not even call it a doll, and stretched out her little arms for the rag, and as I looked at my baby I reached up higher, and said, 'Dear Lord, is not that a picture of the mother love you would put in the soul?'

The mother does not love only that which can repay her. If you were to go to the mother bending lovingly over the crippled child, or the one spoiled by some disease, or one not having the strength of others, and say: 'I am surprised at you. Here are your other sons and daughters, who will make marks in the world, and you are most attached to this one,' she would rise in the indignation of her motherhood and say, 'I am its mother. This is my child, the one that needs me most, and she shall have me most.' And so, it seems to me, when looking out upon the world and seeing, as I do, the blighted wrecked lives, the fallen women and the outcast men, the besotted drunkard and the poor boy branded in the state prison, and the world says, 'I don't see anything to redeem and love in that one'; and when I come to think of the great Father heart, who loves the outcast one, who turns to the one who needs him most, it seems to me that it is just that love that he can put into every woman's heart here, and send her out to love where her love is most needed, and that love shall help her to raise the world up into the arms of the great God who can save it.—American Paper.

A Kind Remittance.

The senior girls' class of the First Presbyterian Church, Lachute, Que., have been kind enough to send $1.00 to the Pundita Ramabai's Little Widows.

Searching for the Treasure.

A wayfarer who had been trudging for hours on a dusty summer day, knocked at the door of a wayside cottage. The parents were quarrelling, and the frightened children were crouching in a corner, ragged and half-starved to look upon. It was evidently no place where they were accustomed to sing, 'Home, Sweet Home.' The stranger drank the water which was given him in a broken cup, and as he did so he happened to spy a bible high up on a shelf. Before passing on his way he spoke kindly to them —for he was a Christian man—and then he sang a little Christian song to the children, and added with a bright look, 'Dear friends, I know what would help you. There is a treasure in this house of which you are not aware, and which would at once make you rich and happy. Will you search for it?' His parting words, though not understood, were not forgotten. When the wife was not looking, the husband searched for the hidden treasure; when the husband was not looking the wife did the same. At length she discovered it. It was the bible on the shelf, which her mother had given her as a gift on her wedding-day, and which had lain for years unopened. She 'happened,' to cast her eye upon it, and the thought occurred, What if this is the treasure the stranger meant! She took it down from its perch with trembling fingers and a choking in her throat, and found on the fly-leaf in her mother's handwriting, 'The words of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver.' Eagerly she began to read it. It was all new and very wonderful. By and by she began to pray, and to read it to her children. One day her husband came home raging like a wild beast. She answered quietly and meekly, and, marking the surprise on his face, she said, 'I have found the treasure the stranger spoke of,' and at the same time she laid the bible reverently down on the table. He bit his lip and was silent. From this time they began to read it together, and to cry to God over what they read. Gradually the light entered their hearts, the light that shines from the face of Jesus Christ, and with the light a simple trust and a peace that passeth understanding.

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It need scarcely be told what followed. It was like the working of a miracle. All things became new, both within and without, looks, tones, ways, as well as hearts, and the lowly home was changed into a nook of Paradise. This is the true use of the book; it leads the wandering and unhappy soul 'to Me'—to Jesus Christ the Saviour.—*Dr. Culross, in the 'Christian.'*

Children At Church.

Pastors can do a great deal toward securing the attendance of the scholars of the Sunday-school at the church services. The pastor must manifest an interest in the work of the Sunday-school. If he does not do this he need not expect the members of the Sunday-school to have much regard for him or for the service of which he is the principal figure. The pastor must show to the children and young people that he has deep, real interest in them. Speak to them kindly in the home and on the street, and in this way he will gain their affection, and then the greater part of the work will be accomplished. Personal affection for the pastor will bring young and old to the house of God. When the members of the Sunday-school attend church they should be made to feel at home. Let the pastor recognize their presence by praying for them, and by having them to take part, in some way, in the service. The sermon should be such as the children will be able to comprehend; at least, some of its truths should be within their mental grasp, so that they will feel that they are receiving some benefit coming to the house of the Lord.

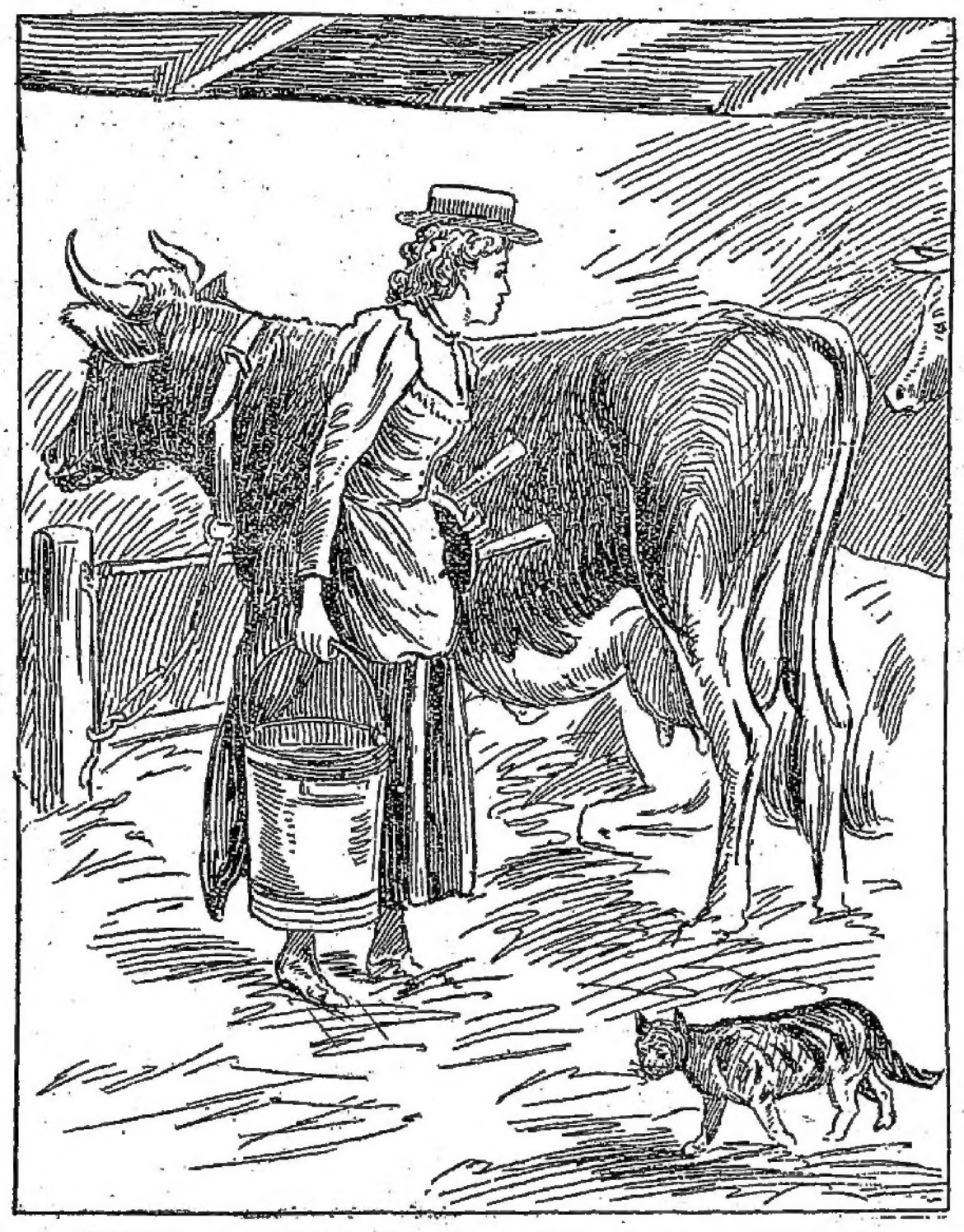
BOYS AND GIRLS

In Search Of Conquest.

(By E. Boyd Bayly, in 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Harkiss sat by the kitchen window, making button-holes in the body of a pretty brown dress, spun from New Zealand wool. Warm weather had lingered late, and she had on her summer-afternoon dress of grey linen, with a black ribbon in her white cap. She could not go on wearing her widow's garb of black, except on state occasions—black dresses spoil too quickly on the dusty Canterbury plains, under the glowing sun of New Zealand. She liked a washing grey, and she wore it with a certain air, as a woman may, who has come out victorious from the struggle of widowhood with seven children and a mortgage on the farm, beholden to no one but herself and her own brave sons and daughters. She had received a great deal of neighborly kindness by the way, and had been able to return it handsomely. And now that the farm was free, and her younger sons grown into fine young fellows, able to work it without keeping John from his trade—although times in the colony were very different from the times of twenty-five years ago, and the average struggle of life had increased, she had a pleasing sense of being even with the world—able to pay her way comfortably—to have the working-party in her turn, and take a table (which means, in the colonies, to supply it) at school and chapel tea-meetings.



CHERRY SNATCHED UP HER STOOL AND RETREATED.

Her spirits were higher than usual this afternoon, because Madge, her second daughter, was at home, and they were all busy dressmaking for Annie, the eldest, who was happily married to a tradesman in Christchurch. Madge had been out for eight years, and had had only two situations in all the time. She had just left the second, and was feasting on all the delights of home.

'You can't call it a holiday, exactly, if you set us all up with dresses,' said Cherry, a bright girl of fifteen, with merry dark eyes and lilies and roses which had resisted abundant exposure to sun and wind. She was working the machine while her sister cut out and tacked.

'It all seems like holiday here,' said Madge, 'when we work together. Somehow, at home the work always seems to get through, and leave a bit of time over for doing what we like.'

'Well, dear, suppose you stay here, since you like it so well,' said her mother. 'I'm sure the boys would have no objection, nor Cherry either,' and Cherry chimed in with enthusiasm.

'It seems lazy, rather, for two of us to be at home living on the boys,' said Madge.

'You earn your keep; it all comes off the farm, nearly,' said Mrs. Harkiss, 'and you could dress-make for friends, to make a little for yourself.'

Here her cheerful face grew brighter still, for her first-born came in sight. John had been settled in his own corner of the farm with his little wife for nearly six months.

'Well, mother, what's wrong?' he asked, stopping outside the window; for she had sent him word that she wanted the carpenter.

'Something out here,' she answered, rising and turning towards the back regions.

'How is Sallie?' asked Madge.

A shadow came over John's good-tempered face. 'Not as well as she might be,' he answered. 'I did think she would have done with old Crump' (his name for her uncle Chuckers) 'when I got her home; but no—as long as he can worry Auntie, he can worry Sallie. Their girl has left again; they will never get one to stay; and there's Sallie, instead of sitting down to rest when her own work's done, going over to help Auntie, till she is done up altogether. It'll be the death of her, I believe.'

Madge looked up startled, for John's voice quite shook. It was so unlike him to make a trouble of anything; she hardly ever remembered seeing such a look of distress on his face.

'Why do you let her, John?' exclaimed Cherry. 'Sallie was always talking about your being her master, before you were married, but, really, I don't see it at all, now.'

'Well, I like a girl to have her own way in reason,' said John. 'Don't you think you will want yours, when you get married, Miss Cherry?'

'Only when I was right,' said Cherry, at which they all burst out laughing.

'You may laugh,' she persisted stoutly. 'I say a man wouldn't be worth having at all, if he couldn't make me knuckle down when I was in the wrong.'

'And when would that be?' asked John. 'When is Cherry in the wrong, Madge, by her own account.'

They laughed again, but John saw Cherry color up, and said kindly, 'And what's odd, I think she mostly is right, when her mind's made up.'

He went round the verandah to meet his mother at the back, and did not return. Mrs. Harkiss came in, looking very grave.

'I'm afraid it's serious, about Sallie,' she said. 'John says it's the shock she had with his accident, and the worry and work all those years are telling upon her now. It's not that she wouldn't stop at home, if he made her, but he is afraid the fretting would hurt her more than going. She has got Auntie on her mind; that's the way it has taken her, and she doesn't seem able to help it.'

'But how silly of her, when she knows she oughtn't to,' said Cherry; and Madge added, as her mother left the room, 'It comes hard upon John.'

'I should think it did,' said Cherry, indignantly. 'The fact is, John is too much married, and Sallie isn't married enough.' And they sat working on, and talked over poor Sallie's errors of judgment, and the various ways in which she had shown a want of strength of mind, as even affectionate relatives sometimes will, especially when two branches of one family are established in opposite corners of a sixty acre lot.

'Is Sallie down at Chucker's now?' asked Madge, when their mother returned.

'No, she promised John she would stay quiet this afternoon,' said Mrs. Harkiss, 'but he knew he would find her quite in a way when he got home. I said I would go over and talk to her, but I've just remembered Mrs. Smallman was telling me of a girl she knew over at Riccarton, wanting to go out, and I should do more good going to see if I could get her for Mrs. Chuckers.'

'Then I'll go to Sallie. You don't want any more machine-work yet, do you, Madge?' said Cherry, jumping up in some compunction, as she thought of John's kind word.

She went by the road, and on her way met her old deaf friend, Mrs. Wren, who stopped to make inquiries. Cherry had the family

gift of clear utterance, and soon made the little old lady understand that Sallie was very naughty, and hurting herself with fretting over Auntie's troubles.

'Ah, dear, don't blame her for that, if you want to be cared for yourself when you grow old and weak,' said Mrs. Wren. 'It's harder to go off the stage with a grace than it is to come on, Cherry. We want good children and grandchildren to help us do it. And the worst of all is to be left standing on the stage with a part too hard for one. That's poor Auntie, now; and she's been like a mother to Sallie.'

Cherry looked impressed, she walked on, still full of virtuous sentiments which she was going to bring out for her sister's benefit. But when she arrived, and found good, patient Sallie crying in her low chair, she forgot them all, and only came behind and put her arms round her neck, saying, 'Why, Sallie, what's the matter?'

The answer was not quite what she expected. A certain doctor, after investigating a case of nervous breakdown, remarked, 'The bottom of it all is conscience.' Conscience had taken aim at Sallie's overwrought nerves, with her aunt and her husband both in its quiver, and it was hard to say which rankled most. She was distracted to think that John's commands could ever contradict her sense of duty.

'Suppose he knows best?' said Cherry, archly; but she found that she must leave the arguments on that side to her mother. Sallie firmly believed that John was infallible, whenever he had full materials for judgment; but in this case she did not think he had, and persisted, 'He doesn't know. Nobody can that hasn't lived there.'

'Suppose I go and see,' said Cherry. 'Then I could help Auntie a bit, and tell her that mother has gone to see about getting her a girl.'

To do her justice, this was not the first time that Cherry had made a similar proposal, but John had always set his foot upon it.

'No, no,' he said, 'If you once begin that there will be no end. You're not to slave for old Crump for nothing, when he has lots of tin to pay with; and you shan't take his money for it.'

This time, however, Cherry felt that an exception must be made for once; and having set out vigorously determined to preach the subjection of wives, she next found herself marching off to 'Auntie's,' in flat disobedience to the lord of this corner of creation.

As she went in at the gate, Chuckers came out at the front door, and banged it behind him.

'How do you do, Mr. Chuckers,' said Cherry, 'Is Auntie at home?'

'Yes,' in his surly voice, without an offer to show her in.

'Can I go in and see her?'

'No.'

'Is anything the matter?' asked Cherry bravely.

'The matter is, if you want to know, she's up to her eyes in washing, and you'd better keep clear on it,' and Chuckers walked away.

Cherry stood still till he was out of sight, round the house, and then walked round the other side to the back, where Mrs. Chuckers stood in her little wash-house, washing and sighing. Half-past three on a Thursday afternoon, and washing still!'

'Why, Auntie, you are busy,' said Cherry, looking in.

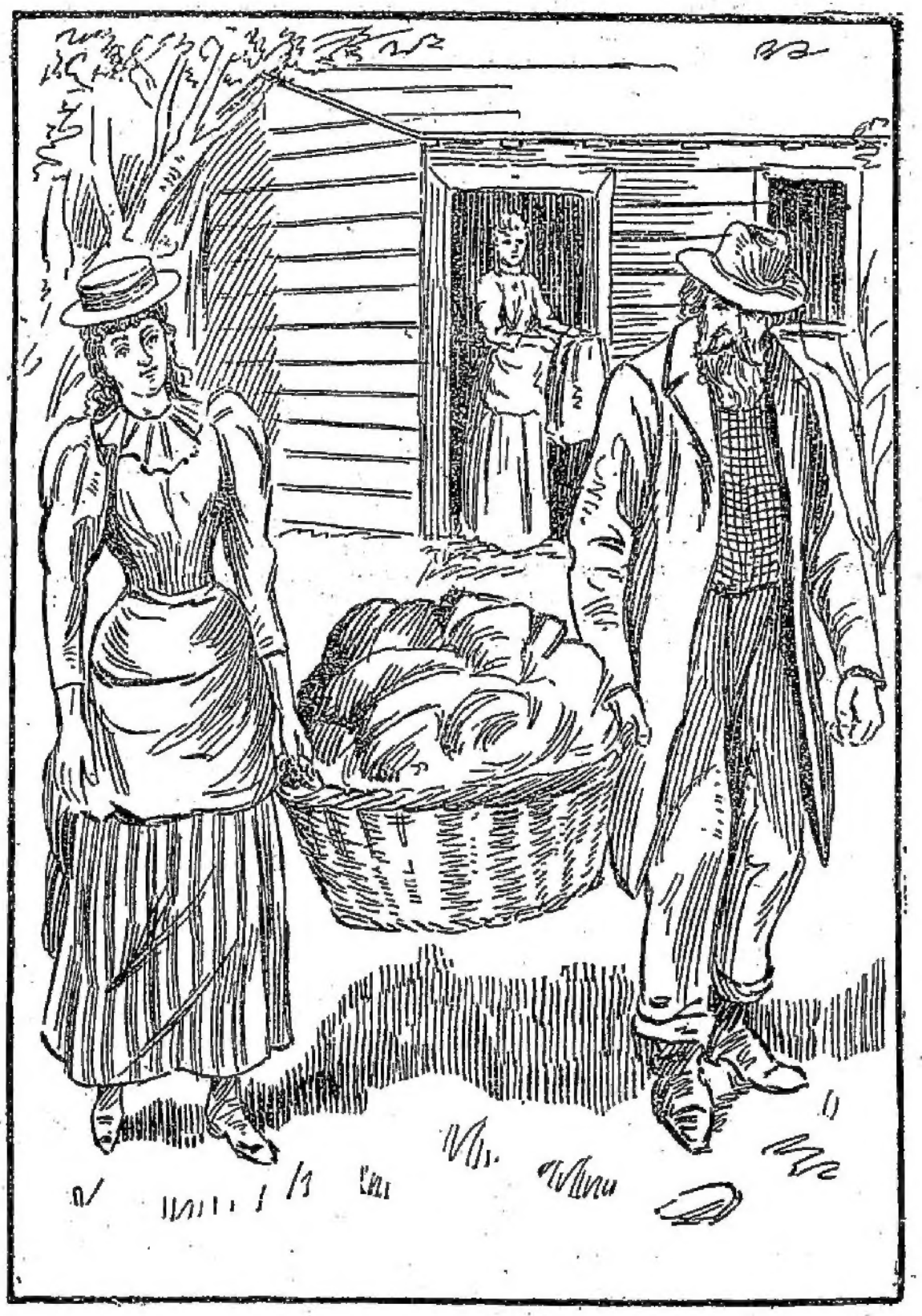
'Oh, my dear, I think I must give up!' said Mrs. Chuckers. 'Nineteen cows in milk, and I did them all this morning. I said I would if Jupp might do it all this afternoon, and give me a chance to get through with the washing. He don't come soon enough to do them all in a morning. And here I'm not done, it'll be dark before I get the things out; and I did want 'em dry to-morrow, to be ironing.'

'Oh, there's time for them to dry a lot, now, this hot day,' said Cherry. 'I'll hang them out.'

She turned up her sleeves, pinned up her afternoon dress, and seized the basket full of wet clothes. Wet linen weighs heavy. Cherry panted a little as she struggled off with her load. At that moment, Chuckers must needs come by.

'What be you after there?' he said, roughly taking the basket from her and setting it down. He turned towards his wife and called out fiercely,

'Is this what you've come to? Get your washing on to this time o' day, and when a friend comes to see you, set her to carrying



OFF THEY WALKED WITH THE BASKET BETWEEN THEM.

out a gurt heap o' clothes like that? What be you thinking on?'

This was very mild language for him, but Cherry's presence was some restraint.

'Oh, Chuckers, you know I've got no help, and I can't get through without,' said his wife piteously.

''Taint help you want, it's sense. If you had the wits of a flee you wouldn't be in this 'ere caddle,' said Chuckers.

He subsided into grunts, and Cherry said, 'It was I ran off with the basket, Mr. Chuckers. I beg your pardon if it was a liberty. But if you wouldn't mind taking the other end, we could carry it easy enough, and I'd like to.'

Chuckers stood and stared at her in amazement for a moment; then, not seeing what else to do, deliberately stooped and took a handle. Cherry took another, and off they walked with the basket between them. Mrs. Chuckers left off washing to look. Jupp, the man who worked on the farm, stopped also, and grinned after them through the wire fencing. To see 'old Crump' lend a hand was astonishing.

They reached the drying ground, where the lines were ready. Cherry thanked Mr. Chuckers, and he shambled off to his work in the field hard by. As he grubbed away, clearing a patch where he was going to put in a crop, he stole glances at the young light figure in the pretty pink cotton frock, flitting to and fro between basket and lines. Cherry could not outdo her sister-in-law in energy and deftness at her work, but she had a prettier way of going about it.

What pleasant work it was, shaking out the clothes, and hanging them up, under the blue sky, in the sweet warm air of the summer afternoon—a couple of hens with their downy broods clucking around with a vague hope of picking up something to their advantage. The clothes were not pretty at all, but they were all fresh washed and rinsed, and smelt of cleanliness.

By the time the basket was empty, Mrs. Chuckers had rinsed and wrung out the last of her wash. Cherry hung it all out, and helped to get the tea—then slipped off before Chuckers came in, and ran round to Sallie, to report progress. Sallie looked a different creature already, and gave her such a

kiss that Cherry's heart was pricked by the remembrance of certain remarks she had made this very afternoon. When Chuckers stormed at his wife, without putting out a hand to help her, conscience had cried out,

'This man's but a picture of what I might be.'

How was she superior to him, if she took occasion from other people's troubles to sit up and say how much better they ought to have managed, instead of trying to help them? She would not have spoken in his ferocious way. ('Thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,' she thought) but Sallie would mind a very few words from John's sisters more than a cycle of storms from Chuckers. And what was more, his scoldings would only raise, not damage her, in other peoples' eyes, while Cherry's — the girl suddenly grew hot all over to think of what she had said to Mrs. Wren. If it had been to any one less kind, less fond of them all, what mischief she might have made!'

She ran home very penitent, and found that her mother had returned from Mrs. Smallman's, with the news that the damsel at Riccarton was snapped up already at eight shillings a week, Chuckers would not give more than six.

'He will never get one worth anything at that—not with things so uncomfortable as they are there,' said Madge.

Twenty years ago he would have had to pay eight to ten, even for the rough, unkempt sort of maiden who would take such a place as his; but times have changed, and everyone has less money to spend.

'You know it's very much Auntie's fault,' said Frank, the second son, cutting fresh slices from the great home-made loaf. 'She has always given in to him, and that's enough to make any man a Turk.'

'You mustn't say that before Cherry,' said Madge. 'She's going to look out for somebody who will keep her under.'

'I'd like to see him try,' said Willie, the next boy.

'I'd like to see old Chuckers try,' said Frank. 'It would have been "Greek meets Greek," wouldn't it, if he had had Cherry?'

'Suppose I give him a chance,' said Cherry.

'What?' cried everybody.

'Well, he wants a girl, and you won't want me here if Madge comes home,' said Cherry, coloring as she spoke.

'You don't mean to go and slavey over there?' said Frank, opening his eyes.

'No, I don't want to be slavey. I want to see if I can't make a conquest,' said Cherry, gaily, but blushing redder and redder. 'I made a beginning this afternoon,' and she described the scene of the clothes-basket in a way that made them all laugh. But when she repeated her proposal in sober earnest her brothers would not hear of it. She would be letting herself down, and all the family with her. She would be a fool, for she ought to know what she would have to put up with. If she thought she could tame Timothy Chuckers, let her have a try 2rst on Smallman's bull; he was not half such a tough customer; and so forth. Cherry answered back merrily, but all the time she was waiting with rather a beating heart for her mother to speak. At last a pause came, and she said softly, 'Mother?'

'Did you want to go out, dear?' said Mrs. Harkiss.

'I only thought of it this afternoon,' said Cherry.

Madge broke in that Cherry was not to be sacrificed for her, and Frank, who had put on great airs as head of the family since John's marriage, declared that there was no necessity for either of them to go out unless they chose. Mrs. Harkiss would not say much until she could be alone with Cherry. She wanted to know if the girl had counted the cost.

'Yes, mother, I know it will be pretty hard lines over there,' said Cherry. 'But if I could do it just for this year, it might make such a lot of difference to Sallie, and Auntie too, I would go in for putting up with it. And I know I would never let Mr. Chuckers serve me as he did Sallie.

'I should hope not,' said Mrs. Harkiss, 'but nothing could alter it being a very hard place, and very dull, to what you are used to.'

'That's it, mother,' said Cherry, 'I've never had any but good times yet, and Sallie has had such hard ones.'

'And you think it's time you took up the cross,' said Mrs. Harkiss.

'Oh, mother!' Cherry shrank from the word. When she thought what the very cross had been, it shocked her to give such a name to bearing a little rough work and rough living for a few months.

'Take up your cross, I mean, dear,' said her mother.

'Yes,' said Cherry. 'But don't say that to the boys, please, mother. Don't let's talk about crosses to them, or they won't like me going. Let's tell them I want to make a conquest, and like the fun—and so I shall,' she added, with a courageous gulp.

Mrs. Harkiss told her to sleep upon it.

The two sisters slept together, and when they had read their usual chapter that evening, and Madge knelt down to her prayers, Cherry turned the leaves of the bible and read, 'Thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.'

It would be a great self-denial to go to the Chuckers—how great she realized more and more as she thought of it. But she must never say so, least of all to John and Sallie. She must tell them—what was quite true—that she thought it was time she earned something of her own, to put by, and would like to stay near home. She need not pretend that the wish to help them had nothing to do with it; but they must not know how she would hate the everlasting 'caddle' in that house—nor the secret hankering she had to see something of life beyond the Rakawahi, if she left sweet home at all. They must think that the plan had advantages for her. And so it had—not least because she did not like it. She and her younger brother Hugh had never felt the pinch of the struggling time; they were the youngest, and the others had spared and petted them. She sometimes saw the consequences in Hugh to his disadvantage, and she had sense enough to know that other people would probably see them in herself. A little touch of 'hard lines' would do her no harm. She was just the one to bear them, as strong as a pony, and as gay as a lark.

Besides, the meeting with Mrs. Wren that day had brought back the time of John's accident, and Laura Wren's address to the school, on the following Sunday. Laura had told how the pony had been God's messenger, calling her mother through all the silence in the poor, deaf ears, to the place where he had work for her to do; and then she went on to speak of all the voiceless wants around us—the griefs and needs unknown to man, well known to God, that we might succor if we knew; and she said, 'Should we not each pray, morning by morning, "Lord, say, Ephphatha—Be opened to my ears this day. Let me not be deaf to any call of thine. And if there is sorrowful sighing going up, too low for any one to hear, then send a little providence to show me the sorrow and tell me what to do."'

Cherry had listened, her heart soft with her untold thankfulness for John's life spared, and thought she could never forget to pray, every morning, 'Lord, say Ephphatha to me,' But she had forgotten, after a time —until this afternoon. As she ran home across the paddocks, with the family difficulties on her mind, she had prayed that little prayer again; and then she had heard that the Riccarton girl could not be had, the call came—as plainly as any call to the mission field—to go over into the next lot, and do what she could towards taming Timothy Chuckers, who was the most savage old heathen she knew.

She looked a little farther and read the promise to the twelve: 'It shall be given you in that same hour what ye ought to say.' That must be as true for everyone who goes where God has sent; and she could claim that it would be given her, all in a minute, what to say to the boys, and John, and Chuckers himself when she went over. To be sure the words she wanted would be mostly jokes and nonsense to carry it off, that she might 'appear not unto men to fast'; but God could give jokes just as much as he could give sermons, when they were wanted. Who else taught the kittens to frolic, and the birds to sing?

She could not quite succeed in 'appearing not to fast unto' John: he knew too well what she might have before her, and would never have let her do it if she had not convinced him that she would go with her eyes open.

'What will it matter?' she said. 'I ain't going to marry him, as you say. It would be a pretty deal more trouble to have Sallie knocked down than to put up with being there for a year or so.'

'A year?' said John.

'Well—if I stop through the winter, I don't see how I could leave just before shearing and harvest and all,' said Cherry. 'It would look so shabby.'

'Well, you're a trump, you are,' John said, after a pause, and gave her a hug and a kiss that paid her beforehand for any sacrifice that this might cost.

'Mind, you've got to settle Sallie: that's your part,' she said. She had been bent on settling it all before telling John anything about it, and how glad she was now, that her mother had not allowed that!

'She won't feel it like we do,' said John.

'And mind, you must give me a fair chance,' said Cherry. 'If you come prowling round to see how I am getting on Chuckers will be savage. Stand clear, and let him and me fight it out. And don't make a favor of it, for goodness sake, or you'll ruin my conquest.'

John looked so doubtful at that, that Cherry determined to trust no one but herself, and with her mother's leave, walked over herself to make the offer of her services. She saw that Chuckers did not like it, and even his wife was more than half afraid of having her; but their difficulty was too real for them to refuse. Mrs. Chuckers said she was afraid there would be too much work.

'I ain't a bit afraid of work,—I'm used to it,' said Cherry, looking first into the mistress's face and then into the master's. 'And I am used to minding others, too. We've all got to do that at home.'

Chuckers was looking her over, from the bit of white edging at her neck to her neat little shoes, with a mortal persentiment that from the hour when this smart young damsel entered his door, he would have to be on his best behavior, and never again rage and scold in peace. It was a very serious

prospect—in fact a dreadful one. But when she looked up so brightly at him and said, 'I'm used to minding orders,' it crossed his mind that he might bring her under, instead of she him, and such a conquest would be a very agreeable and unexpected feather in his frowzy cap. So, by way of showing his colors at once, he turned upon his wife and said fiercely:

'I dunno what you do mean by talking about work. There aint none, not to what other women's got to do, and if you wasn't a caddler out and out, you wouldn't want no girl. No children,' he continued, turning to Cherry, 'no man in to meals all winter, a room of your own, and plenty of everything. That's what we give—and six shillings a week. You may take it or leave it. I can't give more, and I won't neither; and if you don't take it, you'll lose a good bargain.'

'Thank you, Mr. Chuckers. I'll tell mother, and see what she says,' answered Cherry, rising. 'Madge says wages are higher, in the town, but I would rather stay near mother, if she thinks it enough.'

Of course her own people did not think it enough for her worth, but Cherry's earnestness over-ruled their objections. Mrs. Harkiss went round and settled the bargain, not a little to 'the boys'' disgust.

'I met your conquest coming out of town to-day, Cherry,' said Frank. 'My word, if I wanted a victim, I'd go in for a handsomer one.'

'Don't insult my choice. I won't have it,' said Cherry.

'I suppose you intend to look very meek to start with,' said Willie. 'Pretend to knuckle down to him to get your own way.'

'Call him "sir," That'll fetch him,' said Hugh.

'No,' said Frank, and Cherry exclaimed—

'No, I won't. What's the good of a conquest if you only get it by making a fool of a man? I shall behave just the same to him as I would to anybody else, and not try to get over him with mean ways.'

She was sweeping the verandah next morning, with a crimson-bordered kerchief twisted over her bonny dark hair, when John came by with Frank.

'Hallo, Cherry. Are you going to put that on for Timothy?' said Frank—for the effect was really bewitching.

'To be sure. Don't you think it ought to finish him?' said Cherry.

'He'll never see it,' said John, walking on.

'He may feel it, though, perhaps,' said Cherry, and added to Madge, when he was out of hearing, 'I'm sure that's one thing that made him worse to Sallie and Auntie—they were always such drabs about their work. I mean to keep up a little.'

'You are quite right, Cherry,' said her mother, in the doorway. 'Use enough aprons to be decent, and if it makes much washing, you can always bring them over here.'

'Ah, that's the difference between Sallie and me,' said Cherry afterwards to Madge, 'I shall have home at my back. She never had any. If things were too much she had just to go without, — nobody helped her.'

So the brave little woman packed her box. Frank took it round in the cart; and when the stars began to twinkle and the night air was frosty after a brilliant, summer-like day, the two sisters walked quietly over together, and parted at the gate.

(To be Continued.)

God's method of teaching the bible is to have a bible school in every home. 'Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house.'

Victory In Defeat.

(Bertha E. Bush in 'The Wellspring.')

Bob was rather a lazy boy, but when his mind was once set it was very much set indeed. He had fully made up that determined member to gain the prize in the high-school elocutionary contest, and win thereby a splendid new bicycle which his uncle had offered for his encouragement.

He had worked hard to gain it. He had chosen the most patriotic selection he could find and practised diligently. Morning, noon and night the casual traveller, passing by the great red barn, heard the boyish voice in eloquent declamation. The cows and the horses were so used to his speech that they looked up in surprise when he entered the barn in silence, and the shaggy old dog could doubtless have barked every word of it if he could only have been understood.

At last the morning of the contest came. Twenty fond parents sat fidgeting in their seats, each ready to applaud when his boy or girl got the prize. Ten eager contestants, each certain at heart of winning the medal, but protesting aloud that he or she never could, waited anxiously in the dressing-room.

How close the air suddenly seemed! The excitement tingled through it like electricity. How unutterably slow and prosy they were in announcing the decision of the judges! But the words were spoken at last, and ten boys and girls caught their breaths, one in delighted surprise, nine with surprise that was not delighted.

The medal—that glorious medal for which Bob had exerted all his manly strength—was to go to a small girl in short skirts! To be beaten by a boy, or at least a classmate, would have been hard enough; but oh, to be shorn of all his glory by a thirteen-year-old girl in the ninth grade! It was unbearable.

Bob stumbled through his congratulations somehow, because it was expected, and went off with a crowd of boys, whistling and joking with apparent gayety, but carrying the sorest heart he had ever known.

In the grey morning when he awoke, the pang came back to him. The splendid new bicycle would remain an unfulfilled dream; the glorious representative contest in the city would be without the light of his presence. Nothing to look forward to but long months of school work; and if these had seemed distasteful before, they were doubly so now.

Suddenly a new thought came to him. A new thought? His teachers had been trying to drill it into him for weeks and months, but this was the first time it had really taken hold.

'I have been neglecting school shamefully,' he said to himself. 'If I can never be an orator, I might as well learn my lessons.'

And with a feeling that this was the only thing left to save him from being a disgrace to his family, he went to work. The hours he had put into his rehearsing must be filled up somehow, and it was easier to find time for study than before he had begun his practising. Because he must put his newly-acquired energy into something, he worked at those lessons as he had never before. He did not become a brilliant scholar, but he did pass his examinations creditably and graduated in due time with moderate honors.

Years passed by. The boyish defeat had long been forgotten. Bob was a hard-working young business man, doing his best and gaining a moderate competence. There came up a question which seemed to him of vital importance, and Bob stood before an audience of his townsfolk to express his conviction.

Ah, then his training told! All stage fright had been overcome in his boyish practice so long ago. He could think on his feet and not be rattled by anything his opponents might offer. His trained mind, with clear-headed facts, had taken all sides of the subject. He was striving for truth, not glory, and he won his point and gained the glory, too. He interpreted the wishes of the people around him, and became their choice for the highest honor they could give.

What would have been the result if he had won the earlier contest? Probably this: more hours of practice, more neglected lessons, an exciting time at the representative contest; honors, perhaps, and then—oblivion; for to neglect the work at hand is never to gain lasting glory.

In such contests as these but one may win the prize, but the real reward is in the effort put forth. The one who is ranked the lowest may gain the most good. To Bob, as perhaps too many of us in many different contests, the blessing came along with the defeat.

His First Prayer.

(By R. W. Fenn.)

An old army officer, Colonel B——, who had been for many years a profane and wicked man, gave his heart to the Lord Jesus, and became an earnest and faithful Christian. In the course of time he was chosen an elder in the church, which he attended, and was looked upon as one of its firmest supports, yet his voice had never been heard for Christ in public.

One Wednesday evening at prayer meeting a strange minister led the service during the absence of the pastor, and, knowing Colonel B—— by reputation as an elder in the church and a pious man, called on him to lead in prayer.

The sound of his name sent a tremor through the heart of the old soldier. He who had never flinched under fire throughout our Civil War, and in many Indian wars, trembled like an aspen leaf as the call came to him. He had always satisfied himself that he was too old ever to learn to pray in public, and had warned his pastor against calling on him. Now there was no escape; he must either fall back at the word of command or take his place in the line, although he had far rather, as he afterwards said, face a battery in action!

Slowly he rose to his feet, and, with the cold sweat on his brow and his knees knocking together, voiced his first public prayer in a few broken words.

Then and there he broke himself upon the rock, and from that hour was a changed man. I knew him two or three years afterward as one of the most tender and faithful of the workers in Christ's vineyard, and a man powerful in prayer, and often has he spoken of the debt he owed to the man who caused him to take that first step.

We are too apt to feel that prayer must be spontaneous, and the natural outpouring and overflow of a full heart. We are always waiting for 'feelings,' but God's command is to obey, and we shall have the feelings afterwards.

We never feel so much interest in a meeting in which we have taken no part. The leaders of our meetings have continually to contend with the objections raised by those that are not willing to be called upon, but that promise to speak when they are in the spirit, and then never get in the spirit.

Remember what our Lord said to those that would have the power to discern his mission: 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.'—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Correspondence

Prospect Place, Paris, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in the pretty town of Paris. Our home is upon a very high hill. I have no brothers or sisters to play with, but I have a dog named Nero, two kitties and two birdies. Mamma would like an Angora cat—do you know where she could get one? My cousin, Marguerite, lives in the country, and we send her the 'Northern Messenger.'

HAZEL ROSENIA (aged 7).

Gunter.

Dear Editor, — We live near Wadsworth Lake. It is a mile long, and we can see the whole length of it from our house. It has a lovely shallow sandy beach, and I go in bathing nearly every day in the warm weather. It is a fine time for skating now. I am to have a pair of skates next winter. I have started to serve the Lord, and intend to grow up a Christian man. I have no brothers or sisters, but grandpa and grandma live with us. Grandpa has some silver spoons that used to be his grandmother's. They were made out of silver buckles like they used to wear two hundred years ago or more. My papa is a farmer.

STANLEY S. (aged 7).

Hawtrey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and we have a lady teacher. I like her very much; she boards here. I live on a farm with grandpa and grandma. I have two brothers and two sisters; we are orphans. One brother and sister live with my uncle close to us, one of my sisters lives seventy-five miles from us and one brother lives four miles away.

EMMA P. (aged 7).

Alberni, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother, whose name is Keith. I have a pet horse called Nellie. My sister and I go to school every day. I have seen no letters from Alberni.

ETHEL (aged 9).

Northport, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a surveyor of lumber, and goes in the woods in the winter. I have one sister, We have a peacock, he has pretty feathers. His tail feathers are five feet long, He sheds them once a year, two hundred in number. I have an organ, and can play on it. I went to singing school last winter. I am a member of the Y.P.S.C.E.

AGNES C. B. (aged 12).

Pleasant Ridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' a year, and have subscribed for it again. I go to school, and I go to Sunday-school in the summer time, there is none in the winter. I belong to a Mission Band. It meets twice a month. We are going to call it the Golden Rule.

M. H.

Clarendon.

Dear Editor,—My papa has taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and I like to read the correspondence. I have three sisters and one brother; I have a little pet dog. I go to school in the summer, but not in the winter.

IDA M. (aged 7).

Duluth, Minn., U.S.

Dear Editor,—My auntie sent the 'Messenger,' to my little brother, and we were so pleased with it that mamma has bound it into one large book and we show it to all our friends. I live in Duluth, which is the head of navigation of the great lakes. All through this frozen region our city controls the commerce. We have the largest flour mill in the world, and the largest ore and lumber docks in the United States.

The 'North-West' and 'Northland,' land thousands of passengers here during the season. Duluth is built on the side of a mountain which is reached by an incline of three-quarters of a mile long. The harbor is noted for being the finest natural harbor on the continent, St. Louis Bay being the harbor, which is divided from Lake Superior by a narrow strip of land, called Park Point, which is a summer resort for campers. Duluth is noted for its fine streets, which are made of granite. If you come to our city do not miss seeing the High School and Fire Hall.

ALMA (aged 11).

Sheet Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My home is on the southern shore of Nova Scotia, one of the many harbors formed along the Atlantic coast. In summer vessels of all sizes come here to load with deals, which are carried to France and England,

We have gold mines a few miles back from the shore, some of which are considered by expert miners to be quite rich, this industry has not been opened up to any extent.

Game is very plentiful in our woods. In the fall sportsmen come here from Halifax, New York, Boston, and other places, some of them have houses built to live in while hunting and fishing. Out among the islands at the entrance of the harbor the fishermen catch herring and codfish, and halibut.

But the best of all for the children is the shore, there is an island not very far from the shore. In the summer we go out and have our tea there, and we have a nice time boating and bathing, and gathering shells and digging in the sand, until it is time for tea, which is spread on the ground.

In winter we have skating and socials and coasting, and this Christmas there was an entertainment in the church.

But you will hardly think it possible when I tell you we are sixty miles from a railway station, We are often promised one nearer, but it has not been built yet.

We have two parts in our school and two teachers; our school-teacher is our Sunday-school superintendent, my mamma teaches our class.

Coming down nearer home, I have three sisters and one little brother, two of my sisters are in Boston going to school, and staying with my aunt.

I had a book given me on Christmas' 'Bible Stories.' My sister got a doll for going to school that can open and shut its eyes. My little brother, got a sled. I am reading 'Black Beauty,' aloud in the evening as it is vacation.

EDITH (aged 10).

Sackville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a club for the 'Northern Messenger,' I found my friends quite willing to take it, and hope they will get their papers as soon as possible. I know they will be pleased with it. I have seen no letter from Sackville as yet. We are in a lovely new school building which is on a high hill. I have one sister younger than I and a brother older.

JENNIE C.

Gascon's, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live on a large farm, and only have a few acres to walk to school, I have three brothers and two sisters. My father is a merchant.

We go to Sunday-school every Sunday, it is about a mile from our place. One of my uncles had his house burned right down a few weeks ago, at nine o'clock in the morning. I am taking music-lessons on the organ from my school-teacher. They are going to have a bell put on our church.

EHTEL A. (aged 10).

Shoal Harbor, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—Our cat is five years old. His name is General Shafter. I have a lot of hens, a pet sheep, named Blacknose, whenever I go out of doors, if she is near she will come to me.

We have no school here this winter. I like going to school very much. I am in the third reader. I have two brothers and two sisters, and a mother and father. I hope my letter isn't too long as I enjoy reading letters in the correspondence column.

NELLIE MAUD MADGE (aged 10).

Middleboro.

Dear Editor,—I live over two miles from school. I go most of the time. I have three sisters and two brothers, my baby brother and little sister four years old, died, and we miss them very, very much. Grandma sent for the 'Messenger' for me as a Christmas present.

JENNIE (aged 12).

Colborne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sent me a year's subscription for the 'Messenger,' I like it very much, and hope I shall not be without it again. I live in Colborne, a small village two miles from Lake Ontario. Our Sunday-school has a picnic there every summer. We have electric lights here, and a park with a fountain in it. The school-house is just across the road from our home. I have one pet, a big tiger cat, named Mousie. He is very intelligent. He loves music, and walks across the piano every chance he gets. He will come whenever you call his name.

I would like to know if 'Maud E.'s' name, of South Dakota, is Burley? If so, I think we are cousins? I would like to hear again from 'Clara,' of Olive, Manitoba. I like to hear from that country, and think her description of her journey across the prairie just fine, This is my first letter to any paper.

OLIVE A.

Morden, Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen many letters from Manitoba, I thought I would write. I noticed one from Brandon, and 'Nellie' said there was a large school with sixteen rooms and a kindergarten. I was all through it once, in holiday time.

Some people seem to think that Manitoba is some out-of-the-way place, where only Indians and half-breeds live; but I don't think Manitoba is so bad, nor so cold, either. It is only people's imagination that makes them think it is cold. I have lived 12 years in Manitoba and have never had any part of me frozen yet.

I like riding horseback very much. I had a side-saddle once; but it was burned when our house was burned.

We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I like it very much.

BEATRICE.

Walkerton,

Dear Editor,—I wonder if all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' are as fond of bicycles as I am. I got mine last summer, It gave me a great deal of pleasure, so I am going to tell you of some of the trips it took me. As soon as I was free from school I went to Kincardine, where I spent all of the holidays. I rode eleven miles of the way over. When I was at Kincardine I went out to the country several times. I am sure I would like to live on a farm because I could always get plenty of milk. At one place they gave us bread and milk and honey, and it was delicious. Another little trip we took was from Kincardine to Ripley on the train, and we had a lovely ride back on our wheels. I had a pleasant ride from here to Mildmay one afternoon, and another day I rode to Hanover. I have also ridden out to see a nice old lady, who used to know the Rev. W. C. Burns, in Scotland. I think it was he who brought her to Jesus. I shall be glad when spring comes again, so that I can go out on my 'iron horse.'

Before I close I must tell you a little about my three-year-old sister. She is just learning her letters, and seems to teach them to herself. She has such cute little sayings, and words that you would wonder where she got them. Once she told me, 'Laugh, and let the laugh stay,' and to-day she asked us if the snow 'growed,' At Christmas she got three dolls, so now she has seven. You would laugh to hear the names she has for them. One is 'Dolly Blue-eye,' and another 'Dolly Dainty.' She likes us to sing about the 'Happy Land,' but when we sing, 'Come to the happy land, come, come away,' she thinks we ought to say, 'stay at the happy land.' I wonder when she will begin to read your good paper, and if she will enjoy it as much as we do?

S. B.

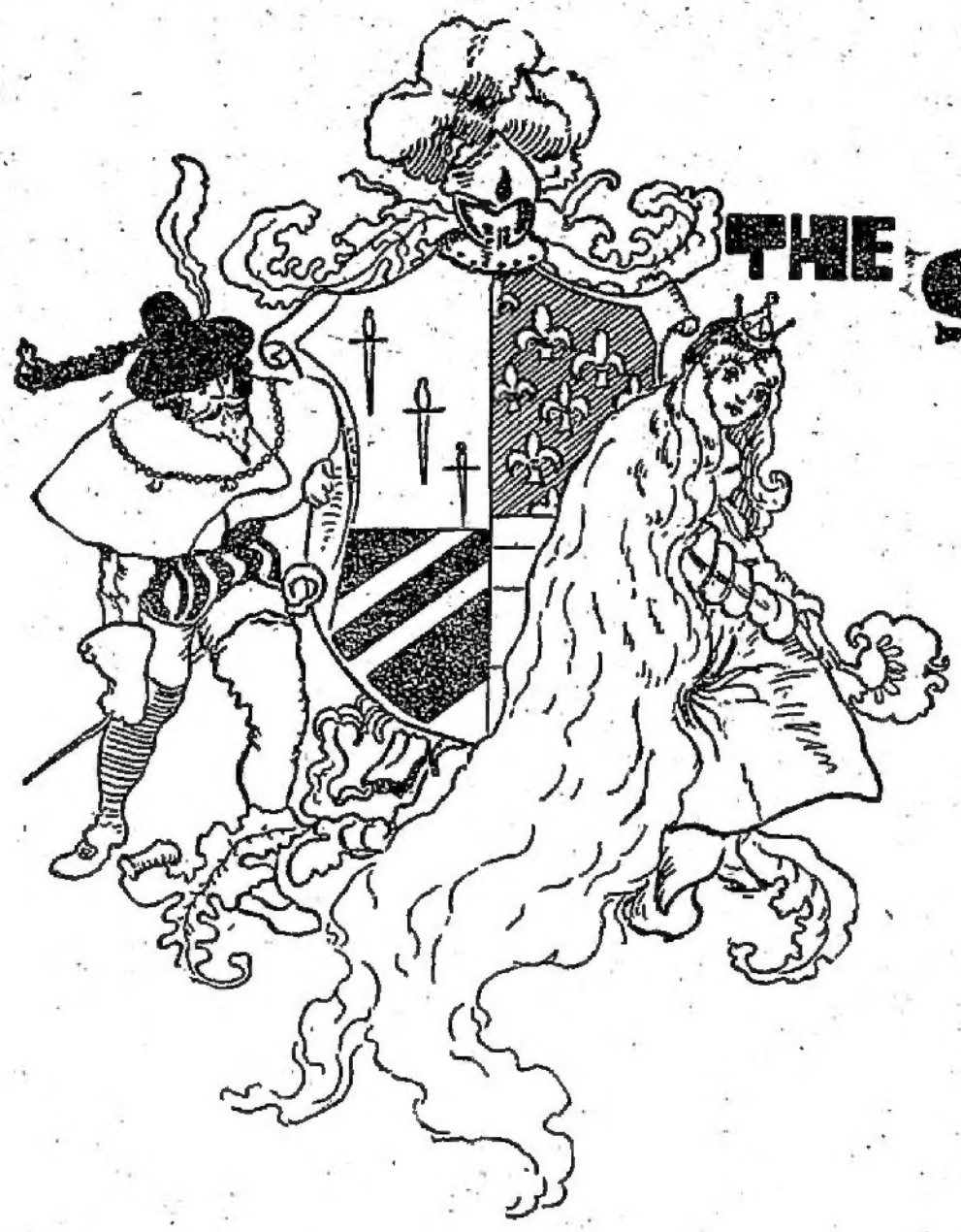
Upper Maugerville.

Dear Editor,—I live near the St. John River, about six miles from the city of Fredericton. In the summer it is very pleasant, but in the winter it is not so nice, although the skating is very good sometimes; but now it is very cold weather, and the snow is getting deep. I have eight brothers, and seven go to school. I go to school and am interested in my studies. Our teacher's name is Miss Thompson. I belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion, in which we are pledged not to use liquor, tobacco, or use profane language. It was there I got the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. The members of the Legion, each have a flower garden, and they make bouquets, tied with white ribbon, and a bible text put in, and send them to the sick and to the hospital at Fredericton. Last summer I sent twenty-two bunches. My mother belongs to the W. C. T. U. I was intensely interested in the prohibition question. We were all very glad when we heard the prohibitionists won.

I think it is a very good idea to send papers to Dawson City. It must be very lonesome there during the winter months, also I think it would be nice if some boys and girls would send papers to the Lepers in India and China.

EMMELINE A.

P.S.—If anyone wishes to send papers to the lepers, address, 8 and 10 Lombard street, Toronto, Can.



THE SHY PRINCESS.

A Story For Children.

(Flora Schmals in the 'Strand.')

(Continued.)

THE Prince now spoke clearly, and held himself very erect, having indeed resolved to meet failure itself in the way that a brave knight should do.

Of course, no one made any attempt to solve the riddle. It touched, just as the first had done, upon much too delicate ground.

'We give it up,' said the King, at length, acting as spokesman for the rest.

'The Princess will tell you the answer herself,' murmured the Prince, doffing his hat, and falling on one knee.

This was a turn in the tide of events which caused universal disappointment. The King's brow swiftly clouded over again. Tears rushed into the Queen's eyes, and a sob rose in her throat. Yesterday all had promised to go so well, but now there seemed to have come an end to everything.

So spoke the Prince, and continued kneeling, until the King was on the point of bidding him rise and go forth. But just as he began to despair, a wonderful thing happened. There was a movement behind the screen which caused it to shake slightly. Another moment, and out stepped the Princess Bashful, who looked enchantingly fair and sweetly gracious.

She was clad in a robe of wondrous blue-green that shimmered like the waves of the sea. Her bright eyes sparkled like dew-drops through their tears, and her hair fell round her in a golden shower.

The Prince bent still lower before her, shading his eyes with his hand, as if the vision of so much beauty had dazzled them.

But a white hand was outstretched to raise him from the ground. Then, as everybody remained speechless with surprise, it was the Princess Bashful who addressed him first.

'Prince Valiant,' she said, and her voice resembled the sound of the evening breeze when it plays over the surface of the running water, 'I have been told of all the great and generous deeds you have performed. I have been assured that you love me truly. But how can that be, when you had never seen me?'

'It is because in my own land,' said the Prince, 'I had been told how shy you were.'

Whereupon the Princess laughed right merrily. And though her blushes rose fast and furious, they no longer distressed her as of old, and the Prince came forward and kissed both her hands.

Then the King gave out that as the Princess Bashful was cured of her shyness, the marriage should take place on the morrow.

THE END.

Wee Peggy's Wing.

(Charles N. Sinnctt in 'Mayflower.')

'You like to look at the little folks by the houses, don't you, uncle Clarence?' said Bertha when she was out driving one day. 'It makes you sing in a real glad way. The singing just bubbles up as if it came from away down in your heart.'

'A very good guess, dearie. But at what part of the houses do you think I look?'

'At the lower part, though sometimes there's a lot of pretty posies in some of the chamber windows,' said Bertha with a very wise look in her eyes.

'And don't I seem to be gazing a long way off when I begin to sing?' uncle asked. 'That's where my thoughts go sometimes.'

'To Scotland, where you went last summer?' asked Bertha, as if she had not heard her uncle's question.

'Yes, Scotland is the place. And now one more question, as I know that you cannot answer my last one. What do I sing when I see a doorway that pleases me?'

'Oh, then, it's really the doors that you look at;' and the little girl clapped her hands gleefully. 'Now, I've found that out truly. And you most always sing,

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."'

'Very good, dearie. And now I'll tell you the story of Wee Peggy's wing. When I went to Scotland last summer I got quite unwell. So there were some days when I used to be lonesome, thinking of you all here at home.

'Well, I was feeling that way when I went out one day. The air was damp and the wind chilly. But as I was thinking what a dreary day it was I heard two little children singing. When I looked around, there sat two little tots of girlies in a doorway. One of them had on an old plaid shawl, and she had spread most of it over her little sister, so that, as she explained when I asked her her name, "she was cuddling her under her wing."

'This is just what she said, "I'm wee Peggy, Mr. Millar's lassie. And this is my sister Jessie. And I'm just cuddling her under my wing."

'What do you suppose that made me think of? Yes, the old hymn that you heard me singing to-day when I saw some children in a doorway. But it also made me think of how the Lord must take care of all his children, when he is so strong, if this wee Peggy could cuddle her smaller sister and make her so happy. So that thought has brightened up all the days since then for me.'

'Let's sing, "Neath the shadow,"' said Bertha softly. 'And then we'll say together, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."'—'Mayflower.'

Making an Idol in India.

I wish I could make you see a village in India. It is difficult to imagine the place, so unlike anything you are used to. They are often inclosed in a high brick wall, and when you see them at a distance, what you see looks like a huge brick-kiln. As you get nearer you see that there is a great doorway; and when you go in through the doorway there are streets of small whitewashed houses. The roofs all project a long way beyond the walls, and there is a covered space before each house where the people can sit in the shade, and where they mostly sleep in the very hot nights.

I once saw in one of these villages what I have been told is a rare sight. I saw the village carpenter making a god. The whole scene is exactly described in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah—so exactly that the prophet must have seen in Palestine hundreds of years ago what I saw in India eight years ago. The people had gone to the forest jungle and selected a suitable tree, and sawed the stump the proper length, and hauled it to the village square. It had been roughly squared with an adze. The carpenter sat on the ground, a board of moist red clay beside him and a pair of rude compasses in his hand.

He drew circles to represent the head, the upper and lower parts of the body and the feet, using his finger dipped in the red clay for his pencil. The figure was like what I have seen small boys draw on their slates. Then he took his ax and began chipping at the wood. The women came and gathered up the chips and when the evening came they lit their fires and cooked their bread using these wood chips as their fuel.

I saw some boys creep up and run off with some of the chips and splinters of wood. They went to where the tall tamarind trees stood and kindled little fires in the angles of the great roots. Then I saw all the village boys run across the squares to the fires, and heard them shouting in Marathi, 'Aha, I see a fire; I'll get warm!' It was during the cold rainy season.

Now, will you read the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah? and you will find all that described there. With part of the wood they baked bread, and with part they made a fire to warm themselves, and with the rest they made a god.—'Children's Missionary.'

Auctioning Off the Baby.

What am I offered for Baby?
  Dainty, dimpled and sweet
From the curls above his forehead
  To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink
    fingers
  To the light of the clear brown
    eye;
What am I offered for Baby?
  Who'll buy! who'll buy! who'll
    buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
  'A shopful of sweets?' Ah, no!
That's too much beneath its value
  Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
  One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
  Of east or west or south.

What am I offered for Baby?
  'A pile of gold?' Ah, dear
Your gold is too hard and heavy
  To purchase my brightness here.
Would the treasures of all the
    mountains,
  Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping
  Of these dear little peach-bloom
    hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
  'A rope of diamonds?' Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and
    brighter
  Than the stars in the Milky Way,
Would they ever be half so precious
  As the light in those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
  They brought from beyond the
    skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
  'A heart full of love and a kiss?'
Well, if anything ever could tempt
    me,
  'Twould be such an offer as this!
But how can I know if your loving
  Is tender and true and divine
Enough to repay what I'm giving
  In selling this sweetheart of
    mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
  Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and
    precious,
  Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my
    dearies,
  What glory the world put on
If our beautiful darling were going,
  If our beautiful darling were
    gone!
—'Wide Awake.'

The Cathecism On Beer.

(By Julia Coleman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON II.—BREWING.

'The curse began in the brewery itself.'—Wm. Lill Brewer.

How is malted grain used in making beer?

It is bruised between rollers and mashed with water in a mash-tub.

Why is it mashed with water?

To wash out the sugar and make the sweetish liquor called the 'sweet wort.'

How is sweet wort taken out of the mash-tub?

It passes through a perforated false bottom in the mash-tub, and is taken out by a faucet below, leaving the 'grains' on the false bottom.

What are the 'grains'?

They are the shells of the barley, out of which about two-thirds of the kernel have been washed, and they are usually fed to cattle and hogs.

Do they make good food?

They are fairly good, if fed at once, but they are often kept till sour and mouldy, and then they are unfit even for the hogs.

What is done with the sweet wort?

It is boiled with hops, then cooled and placed in large vats, where yeast is added to make it ferment.

What changes does it undergo in fermentation?

The sugar is broken up into alcohol and carbonic acid gas.

What becomes of these?

The alcohol remains in the beer and the gas rises to the surface in bubbles with the yeast, making great masses of foam.

What danger do we find here?

As the foam-bubbles break, the gas settles near the surface, or flows down into any empty vats that may be near, and any living thing that breathes it may be suffocated.

Animals and children are the most likely to breathe it and suffer from it, but it often proves fatal to tall men also. There have been many cases similar to the following: 'Ernest J. K., a brewer on Magnolia street, Newark, sent a workman on Monday night into a beer-vat to clear it out. The beer had just been drawn off, and the carbonic acid gas was so stifling that the man cried for help. Mr. K. went into the vat to assist the workman, and was in turn compelled to call for aid. Both men were taken out, but Mr. K. survived only a few moments.'

What is done with the beer after it is drawn off?

It is placed in large vats, where the fermentation goes on slowly, and after a while it is placed in hogsheads, casks or barrels, and sent to the market.

The process of brewing then consists of making a decoction of malt and hops. By far the greater part of the barley is removed and given as food to animals. The beer-drinker is content with drinking the liquor poured upon the grains, which by fermentation becomes injurious and intoxicating.

'You Blacked My Boots.'

(By H. B. Gibbud.)

If you want to win men to God you must show them you are interested in them. They may not heed what you say, but your interest in them will tell.

I was going from cell to cell among the prisoners, when one man called me back and asked me if I remembered him. I did not.

'Well,' said he, 'I remember you; you got me out of the 'dives' in Mulberry Bend, in New York city, about twelve years ago, took me to the Florence Mission, and gave me a note to the "Home for Intemperate Men," Do you remember?'

I could not, having done a similar act for many.

'You will remember me, I think, when I tell you the circumstances. I was nearly naked; you got some clothes for me. I was shivering with delirium tremens, and could not dress myself, so you dressed me; now you remember, don't you?'

I was still unable to recollect him.

'Well, there is one thing more, and that was what broke me up. After you had dressed me you said, "You want to look nice, so I'll black your boots," and you did. Now, I could not tell to save my life what you said about Christ; I did not want to do better, I did not go to the "Home"; all I wanted was what I could get out of you: but your blacking my boots, I have never been able to get away from that. I did not want your religion, but to think that you cared enough about my soul to black my boots, that has followed me all these years, and

A CHRISTIAN WORKER BLACKING A DRUNKARD'S BOOTS.

when I have been drunk and stupid that thing would haunt me, I have thought of it hundreds of times, and now I think God has brought me here to meet you again, and I want you to pray for me.'

Right there behind those prison gates it was an easy thing for me to lead him to Christ.

Show your interest in souls; come into close contact with them. You can't reach them for God with a forty-foot pole. Touch them. Christ did! He reached the masses because he had not far to reach. He 'touched the leper.' 'Jesus took her by the hand and lifted her up.' Like Christ, keep in contact, but never in fellowship, with sinners.—'Christian Herald.'

Alcoholic Moderation Poisonous.

'The effects which result from the administration of alcohol both to man and the lower animals, prove it to be as poisonous as either opium or henbane. The most unexceptionable evidence can be adduced to prove that alcohol inflames the stomach, impairs the digestion, changes arterial into venous blood, irritates the brain, deadens the sensibility of the heart, diminishes the strength and energies of the body, and poisons the various springs of life. How, then, can alcohol, which is a poison, and therefore an unnatural agent, and distinguished by properties diametrically opposite to those of ordinary food or drink be harmless, even in what is termed moderation? How can a moderate quantity of

AN IRRITATING AND CAUSTIC POISON

become positively good? If an immoderate quantity would do great mischief, a moderate quantity must do some mischief. Take digestion, for instance. 'Alcohol,' says Dr. James, 'hardens animal and vegetable substances, and hinders their solution in the stomach, for the very same reason that it prevents putrefaction out of it.' Now, is it not evident that digestion must be impeded when alcoholic drinks are taken, just in proportion to their strength and quality? If a large quantity would so completely harden food and retard digestion for a long time, a small quatity must partially harden food and retard digestion for some time. Yet the drinking of that which interferes with the working of the most important organ of the human system is nicknamed temperance and moderation.

A CONFIRMED OPIUM-EATER

takes, say 50 to 100 grains a day. When you survey his emaciated countenance, his attenuated and enfeebled frame, his eye sunken and devoid of lustre except just after the dose is renewed—you say he is killing himself; but was he doing himself no harm when he took but ten grains a day? Was the opium a less unnatural and poisonous agent when he took but ten grains than now when he takes 50 or 100 grains? And though you take but your one, two or three glasses of spirits, wine or ale a day, you take what is in itself as unnatural and poisonous as if you took twenty. The kind of injury is the same; the degree of injury is, of course, in proportion to the qantity imbibed. It is obvious,then, that

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALCOHOL

is the only true temperance. Temperace is the moderate use of things useful, and total abstinence from those which are pernicious. If moderation in alcoholic drinks be temperance, why should not moderation in opium be temperance also?—and yet, how often are people found reprobating opium, and praising alcohol. If the drinking of a few glasses of wine be temperance, why should the eating of a few grains of opium be considered intemperance?—when alcohol possesses the same nature, and is classed with henbane, laurel, hemlock, opium, and other poisons? Are henbane, opium, etc., things useful in health? No, is the reply. Then with what consistency can alcohol be selected out of the same class of poisons, and said that it is? The former are believed to be pernicious, and therefore the majority abstain from them, but who, nevertheless, inconsistently enough, imbibe alcohol.—The Truth Tester, in 'League Journal.'

The Pledge And Its Benefits.

(By the late Rev. G. Jones.)

'There are two kinds of teetotallers; those who form an inward or an expressed resolution, and those who sign the pledge. I do not object to the former; for the great point here is gained; but I do believe that there is, in the pledge, a power that nothing else can have. I have felt it myself, and I know that thousands besides have felt the same. There is a man's name down, all written out. There can be no mistake in the case when this is done. There it is, written down; no sophistries with himself can turn that black into a white sheet. A resolution formed in a man's heart, and left there, solitary and unsupported, may be frittered away, or may be made to yield before extraordinary circumstances; and be it remembered, there is no subject on which a man is so apt to practice sophistries with his heart as this. But the pledge once taken, his name is there in black and white; and no sophistries can make it other than it is. When temptation comes, it finds him with his mind already made up; if friends tempt him with the usual courtesies of society, they find him all settled in his purpose. He cannot drink, and this is an end of the matter. Nor can any one take offence at a pledged man for refusing to drink with him. One half of the dangers in the early downward progress of the drinking man, arises from the mistaken courtesies or the well-meant kindnesses of friends. "Oh, come, drink with me," or "come, let's have something together—what'll you take?" This is said often in such friendly tones, and seemingly so kind, that it appears to be almost rudeness to decline. We do not like to meet such kindness with a refusal; and many a person who has formed a strong resolution, and thinks himself secure in it, thus finds it broken down at once; and so he drinks, and goes on drinkig till he is a ruined man. But the pledged man is fortified for such a trial. For a person to hesitate in such circumstances of trial is to be lost. But the pledged man does not hesitate; he answers at once, and his answer takes away, even from the most captious all real cause of offence; "he is a teetotaller," and that is sufficient; there is nothing more to be said, one way or the other.—'Home Journal.'

Alcohol is poison, and its effects, says the 'Christian Intelligencer,' upon the human body are taught in the schools of our land. It is to be hoped that the coming generation will know enough of the deadly and debilitating influence of drink upon the body to keep it out of their mouths forever. Physicians who tell the truth about this matter are unanimous in their testimony that even moderate drinking is dangerous to health. Every organ of the body registers its protest against alcohol, and when its protests are unheeded rebels and refuses to act. Christian Endeavor should oppose the drink habit on the score of health.

LESSON IX.—FEB. 26.

Christ At The Feast.

John vii., 14, 28-37. Memory verses, 28-31. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'—John vii., 37.

Home Readings.

M. John vii., 1-13.—Divided opinion.
T. John vii., 14-27.—Christ at the feast.
W. John vii., 28-37.—Christ at the feast.
Th. John vii., 40-52.—Enemies defeated.
F.—John viii., 12-20.—Boldness in teaching.
S. John viii., 21-30.—Convincing words.
S. Rev. xxii., 13-17.—Free invitation.

Lesson Story.

About six months had passed in the life of our Lord Jesus between this lesson and the last. All this time he had been teaching and working in Galilee, his life was not safe in Judea for the rulers hated him with a cruel hatred.

The 'Feast of Tabernacles' was held in the fall, probably in the month of October, at Jerusalem. The Jews from all over the country went up to this feast, and as the brothers of Jesus were going they unbelievingly requested him to go also to Jerusalem and do his miracles there. But Jesus did not go until after the others had all started, and in the middle of the festal week he suddenly appeared in the Temple, and there taught the people. The Jews wondered at his marvellous knowledge; but Jesus replied that his teaching was of God, and that if any man would do the will of God he should know that Christ's teaching is the word of God (John vii., 17.)

There was much discussion among the people as to who Jesus was and whether he could really be the Christ, quoting old traditions they said that when Christ came no one should know where he came from. Jesus, hearing them discussing, raised his voice and called out, 'Ye both know me and know whence I am: and I am not come of myself but he that sent me is true, whom ye know not. I know him; because I am from him, and he sent me.'

Many of the people believed on him then, saying, 'When the Christ shall come, will he do more signs than this man hath done?'

The infuriated Pharisees and chief priests once and again sent officers to arrest the Lord Jesus, but he did not allow them to take him, for his mission was not yet fulfilled. 'Yet a little while am I with you, and then I go unto him who sent me, Ye shall not find me; and where I am thither ye can not come.' He was speaking of his return to his Father, which should take place after his crucifixion six months later. But the Jews did not try to understand his deep meanings, their minds were dull and full of material thoughts.

In the last great day of the feast, the eighth day, Jesus stood in the Temple to teach, and called the people, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'

The Bible Class

'Feasts of the Jews' — Ex. xxiii., 14-16: Deut., xvi., 1-12, 13-17.

'Seeking God'—Heb. xi., 6: Psa., lxiii., 1; xxvii., 8; xxxiv., 4, 10: Amos v., 4:

'Thirst'—Rev. vii., 16; Neh. ix., 19-20: Isa. xli., 17, 18; xlviii., 21; xlix., 10; xliv., 3; lv., 1: Matt. v., 6.

Suggestions.

'Let us suppose ourselves in the number of worshippers who, on the last, "the great day of the feast," are leaving their "booths" at daybreak to take part in the service. The pilgrims are all in festive array. In his right hand each carries a branch, consisting of a myrtle or willow branch tied together with a palm branch (Lev. xxiii., 40). In his left hand he carries a bough of the so-called Paradise apple, a species of citron. Thus armed the festive multitude would divide into three bands. One of these, to the sound of music, started in a procession from the temple, It followed a priest who bore a golden pitcher capable of holding three "log" (or rather more than two pints). They proceeded to the fountain of Siloam, in the valley south of the Temple, Here the priest filled from this fountain the golden pitcher, and brought it back into the court of the Temple amid the shouts of the multitude and the sound of cymbals and trumpets. The rejoicing was so great that the rabbis used to say that he who had never been present at this ceremony, and at the other similar ceremonies by which this feast was distinguished, did not know what rejoicing meant. The return was so timed that they should arrive just as they were laying the pieces of the sacrifice upon the great altar of burnt offering; towards the close of the ordinary morning sacrifice service. The water from the golden pitcher was poured upon the altar, Immediately the great "Hallel," consisting of Psa. cxiii.,-cxviii., was chanted antiphonally, or, rather, with responses, to the accompaniment of the flute. At the close of this festive morning service there was a pause in the services while the priests prepared to offer the special services of the day. At this moment there arose, so loud as to be heard throughout the Temple, the voice of Jesus. He interrupted not the services, for they had for the moment ceased; he interpreted, and he fulfilled them.' — Edersheim, in 'The Temple, and its Services.'

Lesson Hymn.

Ho! everyone who is thirsty in spirit,
Ho! everyone who is weary and sad;
Come to the fountain, there's fulness in Jesus,
All that you're longing for, come, and be glad!

Child of the world, are you tired of your bondage,
Weary of earth joys, so false, so untrue;
Thirsting for God, and his fulness of blessing?
List to the promise—a message for you!

Child of the Kingdom, be filled with the Spirit!
Nothing but fulness thy longing can meet;
'Tis the enduement for life and for service;
Thine is the promise, so certain, so sweet.

'I will pour water on him who is thirsty,
'I will pour floods upon the dry ground:
'Open your heart for the gifts I am bringing,
'While ye are seeking me, I will be found.'

Questions.

1. How did the Pharisees and priests treat our Lord?
2. Did the common people believe on him?
3. What did Jesus say about the water of life?
4. What had he said about the bread of life?
5. When God gave the children of Israel bread and water in the desert what did it typify?

C. E Topic.

Feb. 26.—Palm-tree Christians. Psa. xcii., 1-15.

Junior C. E.

Feb. 26.—What does it mean to follow Jesus? Matt. iv., 18-23.

What Can the Parson Do?

What can a pastor do in the Sunday-school? He may take a class; in some cases it is necessary that he should do so. If he can get some competent person to take charge of the class which properly would be his, he can do more for the school as a whole by keeping himself free. He then can keep watch of the school as a whole, and note in what respect it needs strengthening. He will be able to make valuable suggestions to the superintendent. If a class lacks a teacher, let him act as a substitute, and by so doing in time he will get personally acquainted with the scholars, and be able to preach to them better by coming more into sympathy with them. Also, he will know how to talk with and aid the various teachers in their work. They naturally will turn to him for advice, inasmuch as he knows the peculiarities of the scholars. Coming thus into touch with the superintendents, teachers, and scholars would seem to be much better than to teach a limited number. It is better for a commander to inspire his whole force than to drill a company.—'Pilgrim Teacher.'

Helps To Personal Study.

Having found the method of preparing and teaching the Sunday-school lesson herein described a success in my own experience, it has often been a question to me whether others might not be helped by it, or by such modification of the plan as their needs should suggest.

'My practice is to take a sheet of unruled note-paper (four pages) of a size to slip into a teacher's Bible nicely, and then from some lesson help to cut the Scripture text, which I paste verse by verse on the left of each page of the blank paper, putting as nearly as possible one-fourth the verses on each page. Having thus with shears and paste prepared a lesson-paper, the next thing in order is to prepare the lesson itself without the use or either.

'As the lesson is studied, I jot down in its appropriate place any truth to be brought out, any illustration to be used, any reference to be read. In short, my sheet of paper is to me what his "headings" are to the minister who preaches extemporaneously. A word is generally enough to suggest to me a line of reasoning or a train of questions.

'Wherein do I find practically that such a lesson-paper proves helpful?

'First.—The paper is of itself an incentive to careful preparation on my part as a teacher; for if that paper, as it lies between the leaves of my Bible, is blank to-day, my class will not be long in discovering why the lesson isn't as interesting as it was last week.

'Secondly.—By this means some strong point, one, perhaps, that my class especially needs to have brought out, is noted, when it might be overlooked. Or some illustration that will throw a flood of light on the text is preserved, when otherwise it would slip from the mind.

'Thirdly.—Thus prepared, I cannot have my thoughts stampeded, even by a class of boys who have seen the circus parade of the day before, and who are vastly more interested in talking that over among themselves than they are in talking the lesson over with me.

'Fourthly.—By this method I am able to hold a class to the study of the more important truths of the lesson. How many a good lesson is ruined by fruitless discussion of unimportant matters,—mere side issues,—simply because the teacher was flustered, and not prepared to suggest something of more importance in its stead!

'Lastly.—However much I may be indebted to one or another of the writers on the lessons, the form in which the thoughts are presented are thus made my own.

'All that is written above presupposes the Bible, and this lesson-paper, with my own notes on the Bible text, to be the only book or paper used in my class teaching. It rules out entirely the ordinary lesson-paper, with ready-made questions, and sometimes with their ready-made answers.—'S.S. Times.'

Starting a Home Department

Let some one secure a full line of home department literature, and study the plan and possible results, so as to be able to present the matter intelligently before the usual body that decides upon or governs the Sunday-school interests. If they agree to add the department, then elect a superintendent and recording secretary, who may also act as treasurer, and who shall share the oversight of the work. Divide the city, town or neighborhood into districts, with not more than twenty to thirty families in each territory. Appoint a visitor to each district, and, if possible, two, and supply them with a full line of home department literature and lesson quarterlies. Have them thoroughly understand the operation of the plan.—'S.S. Magazine.'

Young people, as well as those who are older, appreciate a smile, a pleasant word, and a warm welcome from the older members of the school. Gloomy faces always repel. Therefore, superintendents and teachers especially, should appear in the classroom with beaming faces and welcoming words. This same interest must be manifest wherever they may chance to meet the pupils of their schools. To pass one by without notice is to lose his confidence and to diminish greatly the opportunity of influencing him.—Mrs. Hopkins.

HOUSEHOLD.

Training.

A neighbor, Mrs. Weeding,
Was talking to me one day,
'I've noticed, Mrs. Hyde,' she says,
'When your Sally is at play,
If you beckon with your finger, she'll come flying to the call.
And I may scream at my Molly, and she'll never come at all.

'Well,' I says, 'Mrs. Weeding,
I've listened when you said,
"You come this mortal minute,
Or I'll march you straight to bed!"
Do you ever take and march her?' 'There! No!' she says, 'I don't.'
'That's where it is,' I tells her, 'for Molly knows you won't!

It isn't screaming does it,
As your little children grow,
They must learn that "Yes" means "Yes,"
That mother's "No" is "No";
That mother's threat or promise can never be broken through;
That when mother says she'll do a thing, she'll do it, true as true.'

'Maybe you're right,' she answers,
'But it sounds a little hard.'
'Rubbish!' I says, 'Is a mother
To be made of butter or lard?
It's your soft, weak, jelly-fish mothers, who can't stand the sound of a cry,
That ruin the lives of their children, and rue it as years go by.

Don't talk about "hard," Mrs. Weeding,
There's no hardness in being firm.
I've known a mother so gentle
She'd not hurt a fly or a worm,
Much less a child like your Molly; yet that mother's word was law,
And her children were the happiest of any I ever saw.'

And I think I knew what I was saying,
For she was own mother to me,
And she'd five to bring up and provide for.
And was poor as she could be.
And a widow. And brought us up proper. Me, Emmie, Tom, Gracie, and Dick.
And she never screamed at us in passion, and she never touched one with a stick.

But, mind you, she took trouble,
And, mind you, she gave time.
And it seems to me now, we mothers,
We hold that next-door to a crime,
For we hurry and drive, late and early, and slave ourselves weary and wild,
But we can't give the time for the trouble that's needed in training a child.
—'Light in the Home.'

Bedtime Stories.

To send children happily to bed should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks. No little one should dread the bedtime hour, nor fear the dark, nor be allowed to go to rest under a sense of disgrace or alienation from household love. Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven, and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her tender voice in his ears.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime. The mother does well to be a little blind to some things, remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and washes off almost as easily as does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, unselfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can all be lovingly cultivated, and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the night, the mother, or nurse, or elder sister, or the kind auntie, who is still to be found in some fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listener's pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland. Stories from the bible—the dear, beautiful stories of Samuel, and Daniel, and Noah, and David, and of the Christ-Child — should be often told and made familiar to our little ones. The mother's bible-reading at bedtime may be an armor of proof to her children in later years, when temptations and trials assail and the battles of life begin. — 'Harper's Bazar.'

Selected Recipes.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak three tablespoonfuls tapioca in water over night. Stir in a quart of boiling milk, and cook one-half hour. Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cupful of sugar; add three tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, stir in and boil ten minutes longer. Pour in a pudding dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with three tablespoonfuls sugar. Pour this over the pudding, sprinkle cocoanut on the top and place in the oven to brown. Serve either cold or warm.

Sponge Pudding.—One cupful butter, three tablespoonfuls sugar, four and one-half tablespoonfuls flour. Beat and stir into one pint of boiling milk until smooth and thick. When cool add six yolks and whites beaten separately. Pour into a baking dish and put in a pan of hot water in oven. Bake from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Sauce.—Rub to a cream one-half cupful butter, one cupful sugar. Add the beaten white of one egg and one cupful strawberries or any fruit desired.

French Rolls.—One quart of lukewarm milk to one quart of flour; melt two ounces of butter; add to it two eggs and a teaspoonful of salt; when cool, stir in six spoonfuls of yeast, and flour enough to mould it; set it in a warm place; when light, mould it into small rolls, lay them on flat buttered tins, and let them remain twenty minutes before baking.

Cheese d'Artois.—Take the yolks of two eggs and white of one egg, two ounces butter, three ounces Parmesan cheese (grated), salt and cayenne, puff paste. Beat the eggs in a basin for a few minutes, melt the butter and stir it and the cheese into the eggs, add a little salt and a pinch of cayenne. Roll the puff paste out thin and cut it in half. Spread the cheese mixture over one-half of the paste and lay the other half over it. Cut this out in rounds or into fancy shapes with a cutter, brush over with egg and bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

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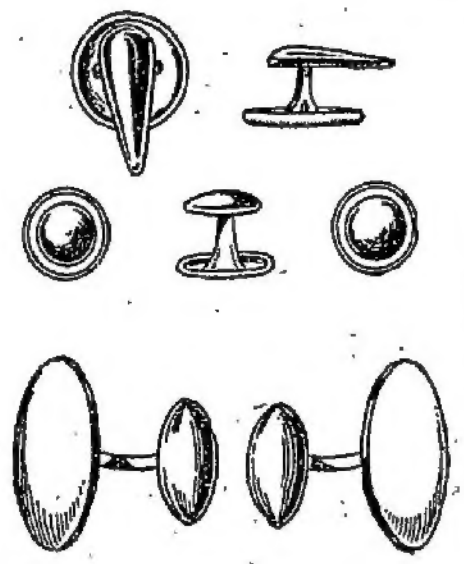

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